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SYM.

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SOCIETY

LITERATURE

POLITICS

AMERICANVS
SYM.

DR. JAM. A.

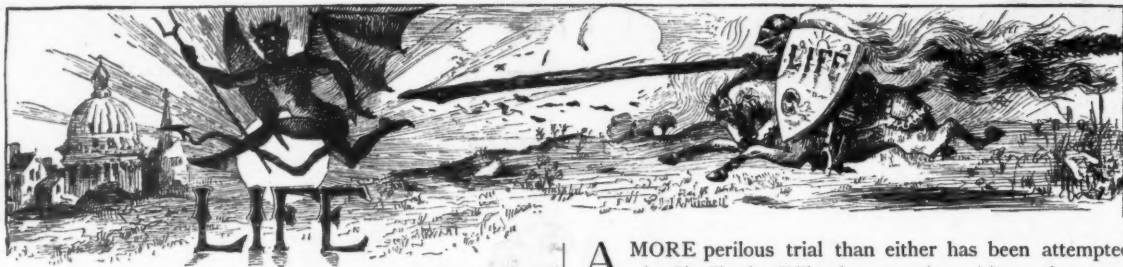


WHO'D BE A BACHELOR?

Pater Familias (just arrived at watering place hotel): THIS ROOM IS THE BEST I COULD GET, MY DEAR. TIMES ARE VERY HARD, YOU KNOW.

Mater Familias: BUT WHERE ARE WE ALL TO SLEEP? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT WE HAVE THREE CHILDREN?

P. F. (earnestly): NO, BUT I THOUGHT THE CHILDREN COULD SLEEP WITH YOU, AND I WOULD OCCUPY ONE OF THE TRUNKS. I DO N'T EXPECT TO HAVE MUCH OF A TIME ANYWAY.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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ONE of the annual incidents of summer journalism is the portrayal of the incidents of the bathing beach. In this branch of literary enterprise none has been more eminent than our contemporary, Clara Bell, the correspondent of an Ohio paper. Clara is not dead yet, by a comfortable plurality, at least, and doubtless continues this summer her—or his—veracious letters, in which the abundance of woman and the paucity of garment is set forth with practiced skill. But Clara has rivals; first among whom must be reckoned our enterprising neighbor, the *Sun*. The pictures with which the *Sun* illustrates its broadsides of natatory letterpress have given rise to the unkind remark, that its late efforts to clear the cigarette pictures out of the shop windows were prompted by the wish to have the whole field to itself. This is probably a libel; and, indeed, the *Sun's* pictures lack the peculiar vulgarity which made the cigarette-girl pictures intolerable. Still, since Editor Dana turned his hand to sketching, he has made great progress. From Hayes and Holman to the Coney Island bathers is a considerable advance, and it is in the direction, at least, of Venus Rising from the Sea.

THE fame of the lad who fired the Ephesian dome has been twice challenged within a fortnight. Graham has been down the whirlpool rapids at Niagara in a barrel, and Brodie has jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. Both of those adventurous spirits live to tell the tale, and each points to himself as a greater hero than the other. Thus the points of easy notoriety are being occupied, and Blondin and Sam Patch must show some of their immortality with these later comers. But no one has yet jumped successfully from the Washington monument and no one has thrashed Sullivan. Any person who can accomplish either of these apparent impossibilities may have a wreath of laurel fitted to his brow, free of cost, upon enquiring at this office. If Secretary Garland wants to surprise the world by the accomplishment of either of these feats—or even by resigning, let no one stop him.

A MORE perilous trial than either has been attempted by Sir Charles Dilke, but not, alas, with equal success. His late reappearance in a divorce suit has annihilated what was left of the fairest political prospects in England. Until a few months ago his public career was one to have rejoiced a British novelist, and one, Mr. Justin McCarthy, is still able to suggest the possibility of his innocence, but that is a forlorn hope, and Sir Charles found out at forty-three, is dead to politics and to all the conspicuous interests of life.

A NOTHER career cut short before its due time is that of Mr. Hubert O. Thompson. His death at thirty-eight may point a moral to a common phase of New York life. It is the temptation of the robust men who take an active part in the affairs of the metropolis to be as untiring in their pleasures as in their work. The pace is too great for flesh and blood. One after another they fall out of line and new men take their places. The newspaper notices of Mr. Thompson's life say: "He had attained the reputation of being one of the most educated *bon vivants* in the metropolis."

It is not a reputation that is worth the retribution its attainment involves. There is a point at which gormandizing ceases to be remunerative, and it is situated decidedly on this side of dyspepsia.

"Pause a while from learning, to be wise," wrote Dr. Johnson. What New York men need is to pause a while from pleasure, to learn what salutary enjoyment is.

IT is war to the knife between Senator Black Jack Logan and Editor Halstead, of Cincinnati. The Senator lately cast a bomb, loaded with the parts of speech, at the Editor, and Halstead, of course, responds gallantly out of the noise of the explosion. When these worthies get through, the friends of the late Lindley Murray propose a liberal subscription for masses for the repose of that good man's disturbed spirit.

SHALL oleomargarine be taxed two cents a pound? Shall we use part of our surplus to pay our debts? Shall Senator Payne be investigated? Will the River and Harbor Bill be passed? All these things we shall probably know in another week, when Congress shall have ceased to sit and the President has wiped the gore from his veto pen.

THE *World* notes that Mr. Edgar Fawcett in a recent volume of poems speaks of a "poet whose cheek had grown," and opines that Mr. Fawcett referred to Swinburne.

Our contemporary is in error. It has doubtless overlooked Mr. Fawcett's autobiographical tendencies.



A HARMLESS PASTIME.

THE CELEBRATED LOGAN-HALSTEAD COMBINATION IN THEIR WORLD-RENOWNED
GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.

HUMANUM EST ERRARE.

SHE sang of a love that would last—
Of a love that would never grow cold,
And I fancied her dark eyes sought mine
As her voice, full of sweetness untold,
Rose and fell.

The song broke the seal on my lips—
I felt that her thoughts were of me;
So I reasoned, "She loves me, 't is plain,
And a sweet little wife she would be—
I 'll propose."

A mistake?—yes, a grievous mistake;
But her eyes and her voice are to blame—
For they made me conceited and blind,
And they 've left in my heart a sharp pain—
She 's engaged.

N. Buell Ferguson.

NOW that the ear-piercing fly and the spirit-stirring mosquito have started up their summer concerts again, we are more than ever convinced that the highest claim of the first settlers in this country to fortitude was their willingness to remain in a land infested by these insects. Cold, starvation, Indian warfare, might have been faced by any one; but to withstand the winged pests true heroism was required. Besides, the common house-fly of to-day is to the black-fly of the primeval woods as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine; this being a case where moonlight and water are preferable. Yet our forefathers had an advantage over us in the cheapness of summer board. The Protestant pilgrims paid no house rent, and the Catholic ones could always hire at low rates commodious shoes, filled with dried peas, for their summer wanderings. Our burdens are so much greater, that the protective tariff on flies and mosquitoes should be abolished in order that domestic production may cease and the strain upon our resources correspondingly lightened.



§.

THESE are the happy summer days when the pater familias of moderate means might, could, would or should have hoped to economize a little. He finds he can get very decent rooms in a first-class summer hotel for twice what he can afford. Then, with the carriage hire, fees and laundry at \$500,000 per dozen, his income piles up rapidly—but in the hands of the landlord.

THE Chicago Bomb-Throwers did n't have so much forcite as their stock of dynamite seemed to warrant.

ST. JOHN is on the political deck again in opposition to the Republicans of Maine.

As the returns from the three other apostles are not in yet the party may recover.

WE don't know who sent that bottle of dynamite to Prince Angostura, but we strongly suspect the recently arrived Prince of Japan.

It must be maddening to a Prince to travel all the way from Japan to New York and find himself a drug on the market.

THE political atmosphere of France is at present a sort of Boulanger.

TO anarchists who are looking around for a place to spend the summer we would respectfully suggest Bath, Me., as a suitable resort for members of that fraternity.

A SHAKESPEARIAN student writes to ask regarding Hamlet's age.

We do not profess to be expert Shakespologists, but on consulting Webster we are disposed to identify Hamlet with the Village.

ELLEN TERRY'S voice is said to be rapidly failing.

There is no need for immediate apprehension, however, as it has a long way to go before it becomes as weak as Irving's legs, and we understand they are still rendering Mephistopheles to admiring audiences.

APOLOGIES TO GOLDSMITH.

WHEN lovely woman flirts in folly,
And finds too late that men delay,
What art can soothe her melancholy,
When time makes clear she is *passée*.

Clarence Stetson.

LOOK out about this time for the French nobleman at the watering place. He knows what he wants.

JOLLY times at Newport now! Good fitting clothes, and lots of conversation!

IT is whispered in literary circles that Mr. Howells is at work upon a novel to abound in exciting incident. Many of the principal personages, for instance, actually rise from their seats and walk off while conversing. But this rumor was probably started by some one unfamiliar with the great master's intellect.

THERE seems to be a great deal of anxiety over the increase of people who will insist upon jumping from Brooklyn Bridge now that Brodie has made a success of it. The best advice LIFE has to offer is: "Let 'em jump." The more the merrier. They will have to be buried by their friends, which is much cheaper for the community than filling the lunatic asylums. A cascade of Arctic explorers, for instance, from the bridge to the river, would not be a national calamity.

IN California they have been successful in grafting the Italian chestnut on the black oak. This seems to be a waste of labor. Why import a foreign product when the colored minstrel, the comic opera comedian, and the professional humorist keeps us so abundantly supplied with the native variety?

THE old Puritans were noted for their windiness in prayer and discourse: the Puritan of to-day is also distinguished for her windy work. This may or may not show the influence of heredity.

THESE are the times when less than seven days make one weak.

NO, Henrietta, the Chinese do not eat mutton with chop sticks.

"PROF." WIGGINS has fixed September 29th as the date of his next great storm. Persons who wish to select a nice, clear day for a picnic will now know on what day to go.

CHARLES ALGERNON stepped on some zinc
When he got out of bed for a drinc
In the middle of the night;
And such was his fright
That till morning he slept not a winc.



THE WEATHER REPORT AS AN ELEMENT OF FICTION.

THE mannerisms of Charles Egbert Craddock are becoming alarmingly prominent in her *Atlantic* story, "In the Clouds." The time has come when even her devoted admirers are beginning to "skip the descriptions." There is no doubt that they are well done, but they are also too much done. Miss Murfree has become such a pre-Raphaelite in her landscape painting that she is not willing to leave any of the minutiae to the imagination. Instead of really fine effects we are given a catalogue of atmospheric changes. One begins to expect a Weather Report at the beginning of every chapter, with "Indications" for the next chapter.

* * *

TO give variety to her Signal Service reports, Miss Murfree has introduced some very cyclonic language. It must have been a great day for Piomingo Cove when "a rayonnant heralding halo, of a pallid and lustrous green, appeared above the deeply purple summits," or when "every gauzy effect of vapor had its fascination in the embellishing beam and shone vaguely iridescent."

One can well imagine that when fire struck such wonderful mountains, some terrible natural phenomena would result. It is gratifying, therefore, to read of the "Protean shapes of smoke—monstrous forms, full of motion and strange consistency and slowly realized symmetry, as if some gigantic prehistoric beasts were trembling upon the verge of materialization and visibility."

An editorial blue pencil might be effectively used in settling the atmospheric disturbances on the Tennessee mountains.

* * *

THESE eccentricities of style cannot destroy the effect of fine character drawing. *Alethea* is a splendid creature, full of that rude, unconscious heroism which a narrow, intense life develops. She seems to have inhaled the spirit of fidelity and truth in the pure air of the mountain summits. And through *Mink Lorey* we get very near to the rugged force and passion of an uneducated man. We had almost forgotten how much of the animal is in every strong man. Through our modern fiction we have been giving our fullest admiration to good manners, and our deepest contempt to vulgarity. The Puritan conscience, having deprived itself of the field of morals in which to exercise its censoriousness, has devoted its energies to a critical survey of the artificial circumstances of life and conduct.

Miss Murfree's rude heroes rebuke our un-Americanism.
Droch.

MEGALOMANIA is what ails Mr. Godkin when he thinks of himself, but when he figures on Mr. Dana's circulation micromania is no doubt the turn his aberration takes.

OFF FORT HAMILTON IN SUMMER.

EMBRASURED guns, like wearied hounds, all sleeping,
Their muzzles resting on the cool, green turf;
Along the Fort their peaceful watch now keeping
Above the mimic battle of the surf.

And you, dear one, now that my suit is ended,
Let passion slumber in your cool, dark eyes;
The wiles by which your heart was well defended
Embrasured there look love on summer skies.

Robert Bridges.

INTERCEPTED LETTER.

TO MISS MILLIE O. NAIRE, BANKVILLE, CASH COUNTY.

DEAREST MILLIE:

THOUGH it may seem strange to your father, it will not appear singular to you that I should love you for yourself alone. Yet it would pain me to have any one think that my motive could be double rather than single. What am I to do? You are an heiress. I am not. I cannot even claim to be an heir, much less a million heir. Let us be frank. I love you. You love me, do you not, for myself alone? Then we are equal.* Leave your father and trust to me. I will cherish you to the last. With me your heart and your dollars will be secure. Bring all the money you can with you, but never mind the odd change.

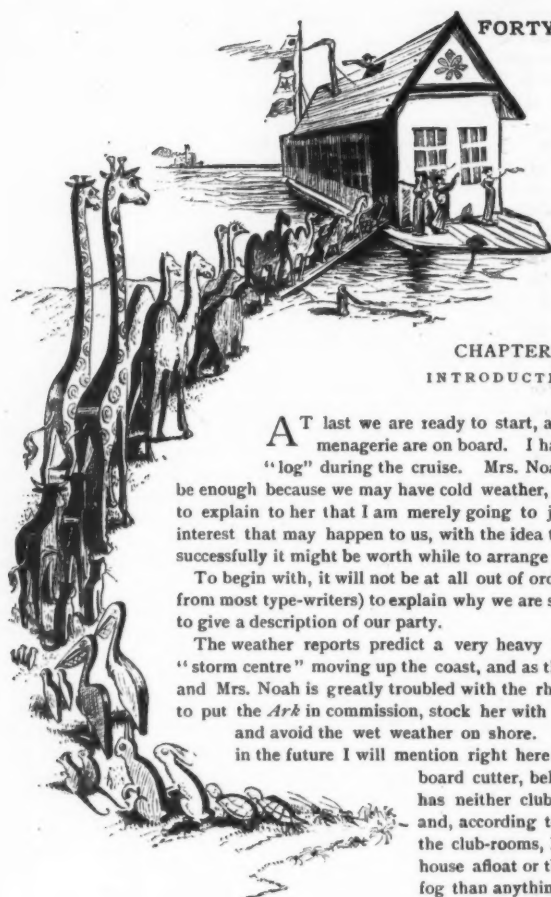
Relentlessly, for sweetnes\$, or sorrow, yours,
Augustus Penny, Coachman.

*? [Editor of LIFE.]

"WHAT a bad complexion Miss Sloaper has."
"Well, she ought to have. She's all the time doctoring it. Actually she puts sulphur on her face!"
"Sulphur! What's sulphur good for?"
"Matches."



Baseball Captain: YOU SAY THAT YOU CAN CATCH?
Tramp: YIS, SORR.
B. B. Capt.: YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE IT. WHAT KIND OF A CATCHER ARE YOU?
Tramp: RAT-CATCHER, YER HONNER.



FORTY-DAY CRUISE IN THE "ARK."

BY NOAH.

Advertisement.

The original manuscript of this journal was found in a cave on Mount Ararat, and although we have not been able to have the writer's signature identified, the work bears every evidence of authenticity. Special attention is called to the illustrations, which are all sketched from nature or taken from photographs by our special artist.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

June 20th, 2348 B. C.

AT last we are ready to start, and all the family and the menagerie are on board. I have determined to keep a "log" during the cruise. Mrs. Noah says that one log won't be enough because we may have cold weather, but it's too much trouble to explain to her that I am merely going to jot down any incidents of interest that may happen to us, with the idea that if the trip culminates successfully it might be worth while to arrange my notes for publication.

To begin with, it will not be at all out of order (that's where it differs from most type-writers) to explain why we are starting on this cruise, and to give a description of our party.

The weather reports predict a very heavy rainfall, since there is a "storm centre" moving up the coast, and as the roof of our house leaks and Mrs. Noah is greatly troubled with the rheumatiz, I deemed it best to put the *Ark* in commission, stock her with three months' provisions, and avoid the wet weather on shore. To prevent all discussion in the future I will mention right here that the *Ark* is a centre-board cutter, belongs to the N. Y. Y. C., has neither club-topsails nor a spinnaker, and, according to the model deposited in the club-rooms, looks more like a meeting-house afloat or the Fire Island Hotel in a fog than anything else. Mrs. Noah and I are very uncomfortable in the port state-

room on the main deck. Ham and his wife are next to us. Mr. and Mrs. Shem have one of the quarter rooms further aft; while as Japheth brought his banjo we have put him on the hurricane deck, away forward.

For full two weeks we have done nothing but load on the animals; however, they are

now all aboard and apparently very peaceable. When the hippopotamus arrived at the upper end of the gang-plank he was so noticeably out of breath that Japheth made some remarks about his "loud pants" and said he was the worst dressed quadruped in the collection. I saw at once that unless punning was nipped in the bud, some one would probably be rash enough to remark that the elephant had brought his trunk or that the rooster and the fox had only a comb and a brush between them. I therefore called the family together without delay, and announced that any one who committed so grave a misdemeanor would have to stay outside and tread water for forty days unless he could borrow a life-preserver.

Only one other unpleasant incident has occurred. Yesterday one of the pelicans swallowed a monkey's tail, mistaking it for an eel. Early this morning, while the pelican was sleeping with its beak open, the monkey slipped a small hedgehog into its pouch, so that to-day the pelican has a very sore throat and quacks hoarsely. I am afraid we shall have a good deal of trouble with those monkeys before we get done with them.

The hatches are all battened down, and as the inside of the *Ark* is frescoed with tar, it is pitch dark. Shem has just looked out of the forward sky-light and dropped one of the nautical instruments down the companion ladder—from the noise I should say that the barometer was falling rapidly. It's beginning to rain like a streak and I believe the old flood is here at last. The water commences to rise around us, but, as Shem remarks, "We're all snug—so let her sizzle!"

CHAPTER II.

A "NOR'EASTER."



THE PELICAN SWALLOWS THE MONKEY'S TAIL.



PLEASURE AT THE CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE.

IT has been storming steadily for a week, and the *Ark*, although an excellent sea boat, has rolled terribly. A good many of the pens and box-talls have broken down and the animals are becoming rather troublesome. The other day an ostrich got loose, wandered into the pantry and ate up half a dozen butter plates, and last night when Mrs. Ham retired she found one of

the armadillos in her bunk. The monkeys have just given my sixteen-dollar Panama hat to an elephant, who chewed it up as if it was

every day we pass lots of wreckage. We have sighted our first whale, and know therefore that we are really at sea. He came to the surface about half a mile off and spouted. Japheth tried to catch a tin-type of him, but he was a bad "sitter," and not only winked several times, but yawned so that his picture looks like a photograph of the entrance to the Fourth avenue tunnel. Of course, we have passed an iceberg; no well regulated cruise would be complete without one. It drifted slowly by us in the fog last Thursday evening, and its presence was perceptible long before we descried it. The thermometer

stock, and made a few necessary changes in its disposition. We decided to put the laughing-jackass and the hoot-owl on the lower deck, and have unanimously voted to give the entire and undisturbed seclusion of the cupola to the pole-cats. Altogether it was a lively day. While Mrs. Noah was in the saloon with her worsteds and perforated cardboard, working a motto—"Heaven Bless Our Menagerie"—to hang over the binnacle, one of the monkeys stole her glove-stretcher and widened an old kangaroo's mouth until she looked like a catfish. Mrs. Noah changed the motto to "— the Monkeys," and it now hangs between decks.

The *Ark* is pitching terribly, and I have been up on deck trying to take a sight with the sextant. Somehow or other I lost my balance—also the sextant. Japheth took a sight of me, and says that I can turn a flip-flap better when I have'n't got my hands full. Japheth is like the long-horned buffalo in the hold—he is gnu, entirely too gnu.



MRS. NOAH FOUND ONE OF THE ARMADILLOS IN HER BUNK.

common straw, and trumpeted for more. Those monkeys are getting too everlastingly fresh. I've got nothing to wear now but my yachting cap or a white plug all the rest of the voyage.

The waves are running mountain high, and

showed a decline of forty degrees while it was in our neighborhood, and the polar bears slapped each other on the back and scratched their heads with pleasure at the change of temperature.

Yesterday I took an inventory of the live-



JAPHETH TRIED TO CATCH A TIN-TYPE OF HIM.

"I CALLED on Miss Snobson last night," said young Slims lispingly, and when I went in she frowned, and said, "you here again?" Then she yawned all the evening, and looked at the clock, and when I went away she did n't shake hands, or ask me to come again. Now, if she does that many more times, I 'll stop going there.

IN the stomach of a six months' old child who died a short time since there was found a hammer, a small looking-glass, a flat-iron, two pokers and a fire shovel. The doctor refused to give a certificate, not knowing what the child died of.

EVERY thoughtful sportsman should see for himself the necessity for an immediate and radical change in the government of our colleges. Few of the Professors, and none of the Presidents are at home with the bat or oar. President Eliot is almost without rank as a "gentleman rider;" and the same may be said of certain others of our collegiate heads.

This should be looked to.

WHEN one reflects on the quantity of champagne consumed in the world, and then upon the limited harvest of grapes from which the beverage can be made, he begins to wonder what "champagne" is made of.

"LOOK here, Smith," said a rich fellow to his former schoolmate, who had asked for aid, "this is the second time you've applied to me this month. I'm afraid you do n't live within your means."

"Ah," said Smith, "I'm just trying to find the means to live within."

"CAN the Ethiopian change his skin?" Certainly he can. All kinds of furs have a marketable value, and if he has one, or more, he can change them into cash, without prejudice to his place of birth.

A WOMAN wears her prettiest stockings on a rainy day.

RUSSIA has added a flat-boat and a brass band to the formidable Black Sea fleet.



BRINGING HOME THE BOY
THE RETURN OF THE BOY TO HIS HOME



J E. TURNER, of London, Ontario, wants to jump any man in America for \$500 a side. The first trial is to be a running broad jump and the others three standing jumps. Here is a chance for Steve Brodie to make a little money. Let him accept the challenge and stipulate that the last jump shall be from the Brooklyn Bridge.

M R. JACK WELCH, a pugilist of Philadelphia, announces that his soul is consumed with a burning desire to meet Mr. Dominick McCaffrey "in a room." He is willing to bet \$500 of his own money that he will defeat Mr. McCaffrey. He does not mention at what he intends to defeat the gentleman. I take great pleasure in suggesting that they try their powers at a talking contest. There is nothing else that pugilists can do as well as they do that.

T HE New York Yacht Club will make its rendezvous at New London on August 4th. The race for the Goelet Cup will call out all the big sloops, and it is hoped that Lieut. Henn can be induced to enter the *Galatea*. I am inclined to think that if Lieut. Henn does this he will be a foolish man. There is nothing like having the mysterious reputation of a dark horse to trade on; and though a white yacht can hardly be called a dark horse, still she will do well enough for an application of the old term.

I T has been suggested to me that this department ought to have contained some remarks about the recent chess contest in England. I desire to call attention to the fact that

this department is entitled "Sport." If any one can give a good reason for including the game of chess under that heading, I will apologize.

A LL kinds of curious reports come up from the Narrows about the recent performances of the *Atlantic* and *Priscilla*. These two boats are having brushes whenever there is any wind worth speaking of. The *Atlantic* has beaten the *Priscilla* on the wind several times, according to all accounts; but the iron sloop makes it warm for the "Pride of Brooklyn" when they are running free. One of the most interesting items of news is the fact that the *Gracie*, coming up the lower bay with two boats in tow, held her own excellently with the *Atlantic*. If that is true, then the rule-of-thumb boat has a hard job before her. I am inclined to think that Boston will have to defend the cup again this year in spite of local efforts to attain that honor. I am informed on very good authority that J. Frederick Tams, who has handled the *Priscilla* this year, and who is one of the best amateur skippers in this country, thinks very much as I do, though he is loath to say anything of the sort.

A N Irish lacrosse team is coming over to have a hack at our players. Irish riflemen and Irish cricketers have learned a thing or two here, but the surprise party of the sporting world may prove to be this same lacrosse team. At any rate, Irishmen ought to be good at a game to which the old Hibernian rule—"Whenever you see a head, hit it"—applies so well. *Tricotrin.*

I T is said that the position of the eagle on the trade dollar is due to its horror at finding itself in such a position.

M ANY thousand cattle died in Texas from drinking too much water. What a warning to our aldermen.

PRESENCE OF MIND.



"HAPPY IDEA. PUT THE LUNCH IN MY HAT."



HE FORGETS ALL ABOUT IT.



"HOW FORTUNATE IT STRUCK ME INSTEAD OF YOU."



SET TO LOVE.

SOME say I played too near the net
When with my love I made a bet
That I would beat her in a set
Of tennis.

For as we played she won each game,
And so the set. Was I to blame?
It was my love! It was the same
In tennis.

G. K.

ÆSOP REVISED.

AN old Sheep, masquerading as a lamb, pranced up and down a stream, vainly trying to attract the attention of a Wolf, who took no notice of her antics. This so exasperated the Sheep that she splashed still more and called out:

"I say, Mr. Wolf, why don't you come after me? Do n't you see how I am making your drinking water all muddy?"

The Wolf, without raising his head, replied:

"Keep on; you're in no danger from me, madam. I've no fancy for old mutton; besides the stream runs from me to you."

AFLY was gaily disporting himself upon the ceiling, when a Spider, who had been watching the Fly in the vain hope that he would come in his direction, finally called out:

"I say, Mr. Fly, won't you drop in and be a little sociable this morning?"

"Thanks," said the Fly; "modesty forbids. I'm not in your line this morning."

MORAL: All folks are not fools, even if their heads are turned upside down occasionally.

THE best case I have ever met with of confidence being immediately rewarded was on the 1st of April last, when Cholly, walking up Sixth avenue, saw a pocketbook, very dilapidated, lying on the pavement. Every one looked at it and passed, but Cholly put his foot on it and was rewarded with \$165 and no claimant, no boy, no string, and no fool.

APPARENTLY we have not enough capital in New York to run local politics satisfactorily; but an ex-State Senator has lately explained that a new political power "with unlimited capital" has come to us, in the Philadelphia syndicate which captured the Broadway railroad. If we were badly off before, what must we prepare for when we have to import politicians from Philadelphia? But a rotary motion is natural to rings; and it may be that a new system is to be adopted, by which local rings are to pass from one city to another; an especially brilliant combination or novelty, making engagements in several cities and playing the great drama of "Corruption" to crowded houses, on the regular theatrical circuit. It would be some relief to get rid of our old political stock actors on this plan, if only for a while.



Elderly Suitor: ONE CAN HARDLY REALIZE THAT A LITTLE LESS THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO MY ANCESTORS LANDED ON THIS, THEN A BARREN, COAST.
She (absent-mindedly): ONLY, FANCY! AND DID YOU LAND IN A STORM?

HERI—CRAS.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

IN former times when making rhymes
 I burned a midnight taper;
 And wrought with care the many rare
 Good things I put on paper;
 For in those days there was a craze
 For stately odes and sonnets,
 That now appear as quaint and queer
 As mediæval bonnets.

To-day I sit, with hasty wit,
 And, scribbling off a ballad,
 Could fill a book, while Jane the cook
 Is getting up a salad;
 For modern verse, if it rehearse
 Some milk-and-water passion
 With tripping ease, is sure to please
 The devotees of Fashion.

And we, who write but to invite
 The world's too-scanty praises,
 Must heed its whims, tho' psalms and hymns
 Be numbered in their phases.
 So, Poet, fill your fated quill
 With Hybla's cloying honey,
 And make *rondeaux*, if you would strew
 Your path in life with money!

M. E. W.

WE KNEW IT.

KEELY'S motor is finally a success. This time the motive power is sound. A few words uttered in an ordinary tone of voice will drive his 600-horse-power engine at a rate of speed that causes the whole village of Philadelphia to vibrate. A group of passengers conversing near the engine room of an ocean steamer, armed of course with a Keely motor, would drive the ship through the water about ninety knots an hour. The ladies' cabin connected with the engine by an ordinary gas-pipe will reduce the voyage from ten days to three and one-half hours.

A PRECIOUS METAL.

MRS. HAYMAKER: Strikes me S'manthy lives 'n better style 'n ever, sence she wuz divorced.

Miss Tattle: Yes, she 's livin' on the antimony the court give her.

The cow-less dairyman's bread seems likely to fall oleo-margarine side down.

"WAS the man intoxicated who fell in the circus tent last evening?" asked Mrs. De Groof of her husband.

"No, the man was all right," was the reply. "He was walking a tight rope."

THE MISER'S CLOTH—Cash-mere.



MISS EDITH SHOCKED THEM.

"YES," said the parson at the tea table, "Young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy was smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control."

"He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son, a rake of a boy.

"Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of 16, with a charmingly modest mien. And then everybody exclaimed in chorus:

"Why, Edith!"—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

EDITOR (measuredly): In making up the list showing the steady increase in our circulation, you had better add a hundred to each of the small towns.

Clerk (obsequiously): As you say, sir; but I think the increase had better be given to the large cities. We already claim a circulation of three copies to each family in the small towns.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THERE is much discussion as to the propriety of putting "boodle" into the dictionary. As it would have to come under the head of B's, and consequently after Alderman, and as it is well known that Alderman is always after "boodle," it would, we think, look very much out of place.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A SECTION of the American press has learned nothing in three years. It still heralds Matthew Arnold as the author of "The Light of Asia." As we remarked at the time of Mr. Arnold's first visit, it is singular that the ubiquitous reporters should overlook the most important fact in the visiting Arnold's career, namely, his attempt and failure to betray his comrades in the American revolutionary army.—*Buffalo Express*.

A PHILADELPHIA editor says he "violates no confidence" in stating that when a band marched past the offices of the United States Legation in London on the Fourth of July playing "Yankee Doodle," Ed. Phelps asked a duke who happened to be standing on the front steps what tune it was. It must be remembered, however, that Philadelphia editors never write under oath.—*N. Y. World*.

IMPERVIOUS TO INJURY.

TRAVELER (to ticket agent): Gimme a ticket to New Brunswick.

Agent: The next train does n't stop at New Brunswick. It goes through that town at fifty miles an hour.

Traveler: That suits me. I've umpired too many games of ball between the New Yorks and Chicagos to be afraid to get off a train that's only jogging along at fifty miles an hour.—*Ex*.

THE polite child is the latest in the juvenile world. She was strolling around the neighborhood on a tour of observation when she came across a colored man sitting on a door-step. She stood with her finger in her mouth looking at him. Finally she said: "You're a colored man, ain't you?" "You're a very polite little girl," he said. "Yes I'm a colored man." "Oh, yes, I'm very polite. I call every nigger I see a colored man."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.



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A CHICAGO paper recently put in its column of State news the announcement: "One of the Pharaohs has been disinterred at Bulak, near Cairo."—Ex.

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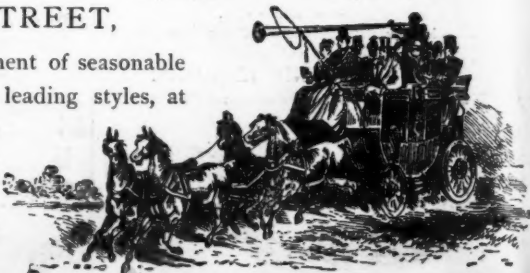
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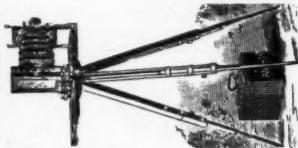
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THE Providence Star wants to know why a woman will always try to bite off a thread. We suppose it is because a woman is so fond of biting off more than she can chew.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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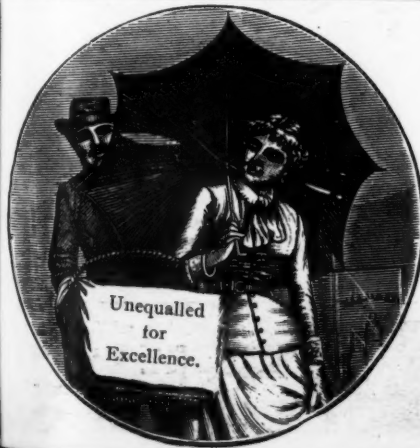
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